

Good Morning \$71

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

I SPY STRANGERS!

When the House goes
into Secret Session
from J. M. MICHAELSON

THE House then went into Secret Session." Periodically through the war we have read this report in the newspapers, and that is all that anyone, except the Members actually present, have known about what was discussed and what was said.

During the early centuries of its existence the House of Commons always sat in secret, and "strangers," as anyone not an M.P. was called, were firmly barred. The rule was gradually relaxed, at first by common consent, and later by definite arrangement, although until seventy years ago any Member could have the House cleared instantly by the simple business of "spying strangers." The convention was that Members did not "see" the strangers present, and the pleasant fiction was maintained that the House held its debates in secret.

IN 1875, however, an M.P. for some reason best known to himself decided to "spy strangers" when the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, and the German Ambassador were in the Gallery. There was no option but to clear out the eminent visitors with the rest immediately.

But Disraeli, after scathing remarks about the Member responsible for the "scene," immediately moved the temporary suspension of the Standing Order controlling the removal of strangers, and the visitors were brought back to the galleries. Later, it was agreed that strangers should only be made to withdraw after a division to be taken without debate or amendment, and that has been the rule since.

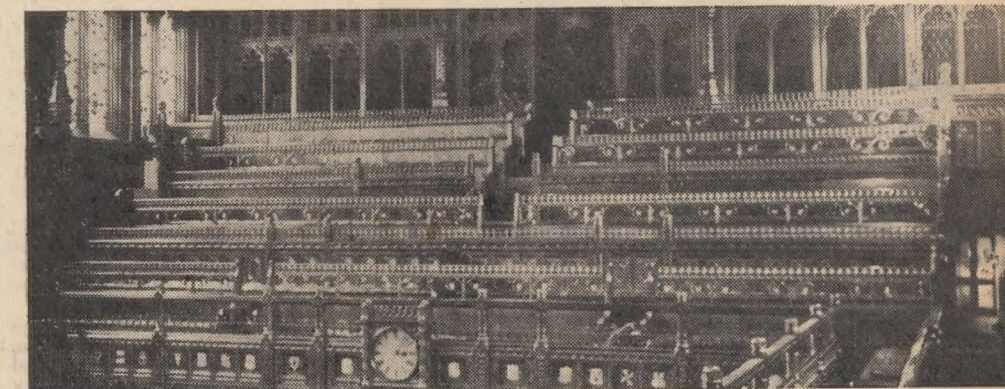
To-day, when the House wishes to go into Secret Session, the Speaker's attention is called to the presence of strangers, and he puts the question "that strangers be ordered to withdraw." This is, of course, carried, and anyone in the galleries, including the Press gallery, must withdraw. The only persons present apart from Members of the House are the Serjeant-at-Arms and the Clerk to the House.

The House does not, in general, like secret sessions and agrees to them only when it is convinced that it is not in the national interest for reasons of safety that the debate should take place in public. Before the war of 1914-1918, there had been only two secret sessions within the memory of people living. One of them was a debate on the murder of an Irish landowner in 1878 and the other, eight years before, on venereal disease, not at that time considered a subject for public discussion. The House to-day is not so squeamish, and it is doubtful whether any topic except one calculated to give information to the enemy would send it into secret session.

The first Secret Session of modern times took place on April 25, 1916, and the topic was conscription. Some newspapers were next day able to publish summaries of the speeches, and this led to the passing of a new Defence Regulation. Obviously the newspapers could have learned of what took place only from Members who were present.

The Members could have been charged with breach of privilege—but how were the offenders to be discovered?

The House took the simpler and more dignified way of passing a regulation making it an offence for anyone to publish in any way or to mention in a public speech any report of the



proceedings in secret session, except the short official report, which, when there was one, was simply a bald statement, in the most general terms.

No report of Secret Session is made by Hansard, and it is thus impossible for a Member who is not present to learn what happened for the obligation of secrecy is taken to rest upon Members not only in regard to public, but also to private communication.

An interesting point arose in connection with the clearing of the galleries. By one of those little fictions that Parliament loves, the Ladies' Gallery is not taken to be in the House. The rule has been that when a Member "spies strangers" the Ladies' Gallery cannot be cleared because its occupants are not in the House of Commons! This difficulty was neatly got over by allowing no ladies to enter the gallery on days when a Secret Session was to be held!

Why, it may be asked, should not the whole business be simply solved by locking the doors of the galleries and not admitting any of the public?

That question shows no appreciation of the niceties of Parliamentary traditions. In fact, in the House of Lords, where there was no counterpart of "spying strangers" in the Commons, the official who admits visitors to the House took the opportunity on the occasion of the first secret session, of locking out all visitors. Loud was the outcry of the Peers! This was an infringement of their privilege, and their protest was put on record!

Many hope that in the new House of Commons the arrangements for those who wish to hear the debates will be better. The House has always been afraid that its debates might come to be looked upon as some sort of entertainment.

In fact, whatever may have been the position a hundred years ago when an M.P. quoted the case of a constitu-

ent who wrote asking him "for a card of admission, or if none were available for six tickets to the Zoo," to-day it is only the person seriously interested in politics or genuinely curious about the working of the House of Commons who would sit through dull debates on hard seats, perhaps only hearing a quarter of what was said.

Up to 1833, getting in to hear the debates was largely a matter of paying the doorkeepers and messengers. When the new Palace of Westminster was built, it was suggested that anyone should be admitted to hear the debates, provided there was room, but the Prime Minister opposed this on the ground that the galleries would be filled with pickpockets and objectionable people.

"Queueing" remained the way of getting in with a Member's order until 1867, and it is testimony to the enthusiasm of the visitors that the queues often formed 12 hours before business began on important occasions. Then the system of balloting for seats was introduced. Since

then various rules have governed admission.

Parliament has had its "scares"—in 1885, when two well-known Fenian terrorists were found in the gallery, and again in the Suffragette troubles, when women chained themselves to the grille of the Ladies' Gallery, and even managed to make their way on to the floor of the House.

Officials of the House have a "black list" of people who cannot be admitted to the public galleries because of previous breaches of decorum. No stranger is allowed to utter a sound and a "Hear, hear" would result in instant removal. Reading in the galleries is also forbidden—as it is in any other part of the House, except for Order papers.

Admission to the galleries is, on the whole, extremely well managed, with long-distance indicators showing how many seats, if any, are vacant at any time. Members themselves, very nervous that orators would be tempted to "play to the gallery," have acquired the habit of completely ignoring the public.



Eight of us—O.S. ALAN CLIFFE Saying Hello!

There's a new addition to your home, Ordinary Seaman Alan Cliffe, of 4, Hollyhey-drive, Wythenshawe, Manchester, in the form of "Sacha," a brown, sleek-haired pup. He is full of life and gradually making friends with "Simon" and "Peter."

Everybody was in the best of spirits when "Good Morning" called, and this is what they all had to say to you:—

Your mother is now back to her old self once more and waiting for the time when you will be strolling along the Parkway with her again. The Parkway is looking really grand these days, Alan, and, in fact, your road looked a picture of green with the sun shining brilliantly when we called the other day.

Dad—as busy as ever at the Post Office—is tickled to death about the expressions in your letters. Keep them up; the family love them.

Roy leaves school in August and he has set his mind on becoming a joiner; a clever lad with an eye to the future.

He wants you to know that Mr. Davies is now headmaster at your old school.

Sister Lyn is getting quite concerned about the book which hasn't arrived as yet. She is very keen on a trip to the docks on your next leave, Alan—how about it?

As you can imagine, your six-years-old sister, Pat, was full of excitement about the whole thing and much too thrilled to talk!

There's a "date" waiting for you on your next leave, Alan, and the girl in question—why, it's Joan, of course—so don't forget.

Cousin Len goes for his medical soon and wants to become a signaller in the Army. Cousin Peggy arrived too late to be included in the picture, but wants you to know that she is keeping chicks and a black-and-white rabbit, which she calls "Bonny."

Well, that's all the home news this time, Alan. Love and the best of luck from everyone—cheerio.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST By THOMAS À KEMPIS

THERE is one thing which keeps back many a man, and that is the fear of the difficulty and labour which must be gone through in the conflict.

The man who advances most quickly is he who manfully strives against what he finds most difficult. That is the sure way to progress.

Two things particularly lead to a better life—forcibly to withdraw yourself from those evil things towards which you are most naturally inclined, and earnestly to labour for the things you know are good and which you most want.

Remember, too, to avoid carefully those faults which irritate you most when they

are committed by someone else.

IT is often good for us to have to meet adversities and troubles. For they make a man enter into himself; they make him know that he must not place all his hopes on things of this world.

It is good that we should sometimes suffer contradiction and that men may have a wrong impression of us, even when we are doing our best. For these things help us to humility and defend us from vainglory.

And then we are better fitted to turn towards God, our inward witness Who knows what we are, even though outwardly

we may be looked down upon by men and little credit is given us.

A man should therefore so establish himself with God that he has no real need for the comfort that other men may give him.

When a man of good heart is troubled, tempted or afflicted with evil, then he better understands how much he needs God. For without God, man can do no good.

And he knows that perfect security and full peace cannot be found in this world.

THE Kingdom of God is within you. Convert yourself with your

whole heart to the Lord. Cease to worry yourself about this world and you shall find rest.

Learn not to place too much value upon the things of this world, but give your thoughts to the interior world within you, and you shall find the Kingdom of God.

For the Kingdom of God is true peace and joy.

All Christ's glory and joy is in the interior world.

For Christ says: If any man loves Me he will keep My word and I will come to him and make My abode with him.

Men change quickly and soon fall; but Christ remains for ever and stands by us firmly to the end.

Here's Mother O.S. ROBERT CARR

THE "girl in every port" fal-lacy has been exploded again, this time by Ordinary Seaman Robert Carr, of 3, Envoy-street, Dewsbury-road, Leeds.

When "Good Morning" asked for some news of his young lady, Mrs. Carr came out with the surprising statement, "He hasn't one, as far as I know." But with a sly wink she added:

"Of course, he MIGHT have many a one, but as far as I know he hasn't any."

Anyway, Bob, there's plenty of time yet, and meanwhile you have a very charming sister, whose photo we saw on the sideboard; a letter had arrived from her the day we called to say she's fit and well, and still "keeping them flying" in the W.A.A.F.

That billiards hall you are so fond of is still flourishing, and the lads there will be able to give you a good game on your next leave.

Most of your pals are in the Services, too, and they are all doing very nicely.

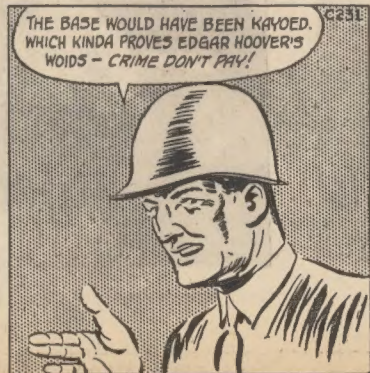
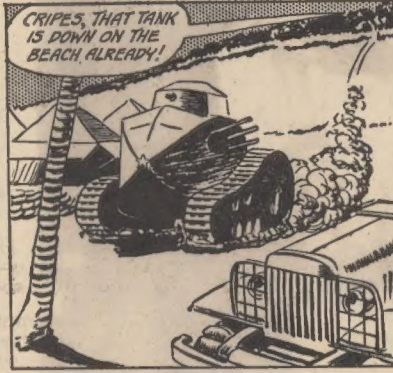
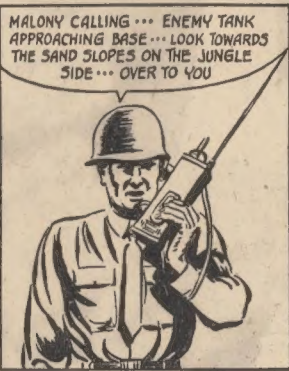
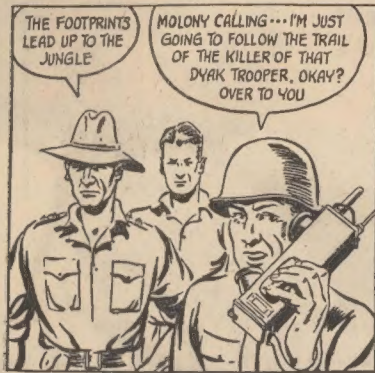
Your mother needed a lot of persuading before she would have her picture taken, but we finally managed it; we hope you—and the whole family—like the result.

All at home send their fondest love, Bob, and hope to see you soon.



Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

COLLECTORS of cachets are faring poorly these days, for a variety of reasons all connected with the war. I have seen few English designs, and none at all from Europe. Only in America does the cachet survive the vicissitudes of war, and if quantity is reduced, the quality of design—largely inspired by the world conflict—remains high.

Foremost among American designers is L. W. Staehle, New York correspondent of "The Stamp Magazine." Four of his designs finished in the first ten for 1943 selected by popular vote. They took places as "King," "Queen," sixth and ninth.

Writing in the New York "Stamps," John J. Haig says that the year 1943 was a busy one for Staehle. Starting with covers for the United Nations issue in January, the Four Freedoms in February, and the six-cent Air Mail booklet pane in March, he followed with the Occupied Nations set.

Although these kept him quite busy, he managed to find some extra time to prepare designs for 18 patriotic envelopes. During the year he designed 80 cachets, including five official P.O. first-flight cachets for Curacao-Aruba and for Central America.

The design selected for "King of Cachets" is reproduced in this column. It commemorates the 125th anniversary of that famous hymn, "Silent Night, Holy Night," and was prepared for use with the Occupied Nations stamp for Austria. Covers were mailed from Washington, D.C., on the first day sale of the Austrian Stamp, November 23, 1943.

The landscape used as the background of the design shows the snow-covered mountains and the little village of Wagrain, in Tyrol, Austria, with village folk going to the holy night mass in the church where "Silent Night, Holy Night," was heard for the first time on that Christmas Day in 1818.

The two men in the foreground represent Xavier Franz Gruber, with the guitar, who composed the music, and the other, sitting on the table listening to the just-composed melody to the words of his poem, is Father Joseph Mohr, who wrote the words on the night of the 24th, following a call to the home of a poor charcoal-burner's family who lived in the deep snow-covered forest below the Tyrolean Mountains.

The scroll on the design resembles the virginal musical script and the composition. The frame consists of an architectural arch structure with two sculptured angel busts on each side, resting on top of the capital of each pilaster. The pilasters are decorated with the flag of Austria, and one capital shows the cross of Austria, the other a plate with the dates.

Two lighted candles, one to each side of the pilasters, help to personify the Christmas spirit.

Also illustrated is the 1d. light green stamp issued for Jersey, Channel Isles, by the German Occupation Authority (it is similar to the 1d. Guernsey stamp I reproduced some time back), and a Serbian charity for Prisoners of War, also issued by the Germans.



**Good
Morning**

Schooldays Everywhere



An Arabic girl
picking up the
language.



Scholars in Alaska learning to sew.
In the old days their mothers used
to chew young seals' skins to make
them soft enough to sew. The fact
their mothers lost their teeth in
the process, hasn't, it seems, hurt
their daughters.



Teaching negro scholars in Southern U.S.A.



In the village school at Staphorst, Holland. Boys
and girls wearing the local costume.



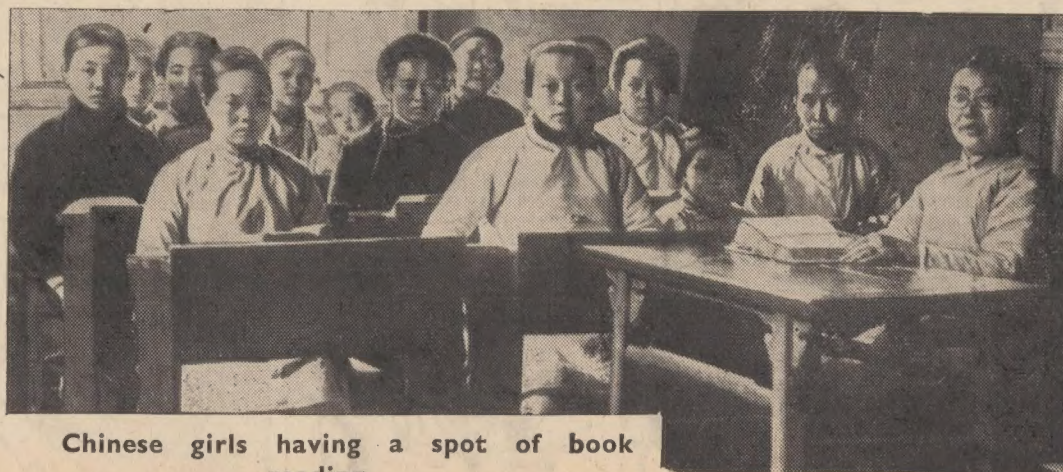
Arab schoolmaster and his open-air school in the
village of Biskra.



Indian girls counting beads and taking things rather
seriously.



A native girls' school in Cairo.



Chinese girls having a spot of book
reading.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Reminds me of
when I was young."

